The Famous

TRAGEDIE

Of the Life and Death of

MRIS. RUMP.

SHEWING

How She was brought to Bed of a Monster

With her terrible Pangs, bitter Teeming, hard Labour, and lamentable Travell from *Portſmouth* to *Weſtminſter*, and the great miſery ſhe hath endured by her ugly, deformed, ill-ſhapen, baſe-begotten *Brat* or *Imp* of Reformation, And the great care and wonderful pains taken by

Mris *London Midwife*
Mris *Haſterigg*, Nurſe.
Goſſip *Vaine*
Gof. *Scot* & her man *Liteſum*
Goſſip *Walton*.

Goſſip *Martin*
Goſſip *Nevil*.
Goſſip *Lambal*
Secluded Goſſips.
Apprentices.

Together with the Exceeding great fright ſhe took at a *Free Parliament*. And the Farall end of that Grand Tyrant *O. C.* the Father of all *Murthers*, Rebellions, Treaſons and Treacheries committed ſince the year 1648. As it was preſented on a burning Stage at *Weſtminſter* the 29th of *May*, 1660.

There was ſuch horrid ſtinking ſmoak ne'r known
Before; But now the Devil has his own.

LONDON, Printed for *Theodorus Mixrocoſmus*, 1660.

PROLOGUE.

You Gallants that some idle hours have spent,
Here's pastime that may give you all content.
It far excells Bell's *fury and the* Dragon,
Or Pha'tons riding in the Firy Wagon.
It's no Colchester Bull nor yet Mad Ox,
Nor Tyrant Nol, *mounted in a Coach-box.*
Let merry Bells then Musick backwards Ring,
Whilst we the praise of Mris Rump *do sing,*
Let her Phanatick *friends great Bonfires make*
Of purest straw they from Piss Beds can take;
With Eccoes loud like shrieking of a Cart,
And with shrill noise more sweeter then a F——
For now shee's safe from danger brought a Bed,
Behold the Monster *of her Maiden-head.*
The Nurse *is paid, By Oaths, false Protestation,*
And by a new Coin called Sequestration.
'Tis strange a Rump *that's roasted, boyl'd and broyl'd,*
Should after death bring forth a monstrous Child.
Got by some Pettyfogging Knight o'th post
Who in her Womb did leave his horrid Ghost,
To vex the honest people of this Nation
By her Base Brat, pretending Reformation,
Who's bred and born, and then within a day
Consum'd to smoak, and clearly fled away.
But yet Spectators now with Patience view,
This Scene, 'tis cal'd a false W—— never true.

Enter Gossip Vain, *Scot and Nurse* Haslerig.

Gossip Vain. HAa, ha, ha, How bravely have we steer'd the Coast now, Is there no more reprobates left, that we may bring them under an Act of Sequestration, This parting of Estates is a rare piece of employment, my thinks 'tis a gallant frollick.

Gos. Scot. Content gossip all's ours, though more would do well, what I have makes me jocund.

Enter Lightsum. Jocund Mris, and well you might could you keep it. But whats the cause of this merry *Vain* you are in, when *Mris Rump* lies so sick of a *Portsmouth* Bastard, shee'l hardly bring it safe into the World?

Scot

Mrs. *Gos. Scot.* How! Sick, Sirrah are you sure of that?

Lightfoot. As sure as you you'l live to be hang'd for murther, Treason, and Treachery.

Mrs. *Scot.* Gallop, Ride, Trot, Amble, Go, Run amaine, withall agility, dexterity, alactity and celerity, call Mrs. *London* the Midwife, and tell her that Mrs. *Rump* desires her to come away presently, for shee's in strong labour and endures miserable pangs and throws that comes upon her by playing the Whore at *Portsmouth*; pray Heavens she hath not taken some fright at the exclamations of the people against the Arse, stump, Bum or Fag-end of a Parliament! Ile be sworn it's enough to gally a Gentlewoman of her quallity and breeding to be despised by every idle boy that makes verses, rimes and Songs of her, making no better of her then a common Camp or Ammunition M——— turning up her Tayl to every lowsy ill-dependent, besides *Martin* the Town Bull. Well she is not the first that hath done amiss, these are but slips occasioned by the weakness of her Sex. I'le in and make her a spiritual Cawdle, I doubt shee'l have an ill bargaine on't. Mrs. *Rump*, how do you? I say Mrs. *Rump* will you have a little strong Water of Mrs *Sims* distillation, or a Cawdle of Sequestration to comfort your putrified *Bum*?

Mrs. *Rump.* Oh sick, sick, I must Spew Nurse pray reach the Boul, *Haw——aw——aw——.*

Nurse. Well Mrs. fetch it up: up with it: Heaven blesse us! What's this looks so red Mrs?

Mrs. *Rump.* Oh 'tis blood, innocent blood, that hath lay in congealed clods in my Stomack 11 years; Hark how loud it cryes for vengeance! I never felt it before I was overpowred by my *Secluded Gossips*, onely once at *Portsmouth*, when I was frighted by my Gossip *Fleetwoods* party and the *London* Apprentices, Oh the death of my King, his blood and the fear of his Sons coming, causes my pain to encrease, I understand too late he suffered by my Tyranny, an innocent and untimely end.

Nurse. 'Tis well 'tis up, Mrs. cast again.

Mrs. Rump. Aw——aw——aw——Oh my heart is almost burst!

Nurse, Lord, Mrs. what is that looks so yellow, Is it Choller?

Mrs. Rump. No Nurse 'tis Gold, accursed Gold, for love of which I sold my God, murdered my King, gave away my Soul, and pull'd down the gates, Posts, Perculliss'es, nay through thy instigation had like to have fired the habitation of Mrs. *London* my Midwife, and that for a small sum of one hundred thousand pounds *Aw——, aw——, aw——.*

Gossip *Scot.* Quickly Nurse, bring the Bason Nurse.

Nurse, I come I come, Whats this looks like Parchment Rowld up in form like a Bill of Indictment?

Rump. This is that black Bill drawn up by that strumpet my Mother. *Bradshaw* through the instigation of the Devil, and my Father *Cromwel*, against my Royal Soveraigne, for which I endure these bitter pangs.

Gossip. *Scot.* Is *Mris London* come? If not, there's no help, we're all undone: what course shall we take to preserve our dearly beloved sister *Rump*?

Gos. *Walton.* Call for more help. Hold fast behind gossip *Nevil*, this throw I fear will be her last.

Gos. *Nevil.* No Ile warrant you, I shall play the *Oceana* Dr. so well that my *Eutopian* Physick will bring the Brat to perfection, 'tis nothing comes now but a Harp & Cross, it smells so strong of a Commonwealth it can never miscarry.

Gos. Martin. In good sooth I believe so too. Could she sweat upon it, as I use to do at *Baldwins* Gardens, shee'd do well enough.

G. Scot. Or as I have done at *Wickam* with my *Bone*-lace-maker, or at *Lambeth* with my *Begger*-wench, 'twould thrive in spight in of Fate.

Mris *Rump.* I'me almost spent Oh, oh, *aw---aw---*

Nurse. Whats this looks like *Paper*?

Mris *Rump.* These are Votes and Ordinances of my own creating, contrary to Law or Reason, made only to keep out my King contrary to my Oath of Allegiance, and for sequestring my friends to stuff my own Coffers. *Pray* hold my back hard Nurse, or my heart will shiver in pieces. *Aw--- aw--- aw---*

Nurse. Whats this that comes so strongly up? Foh, foh, foh, now it stinks all the Kingdom over, but I cannot help it?

Mris *Rump.* Oh Nurse its too late to help now. This is that damnable Declaration you caused to be lap'd up in an Oath of Abjuration, against my Soveraign Lord the King, aspersing him and his whole Line with reproachful lys, calling him Tyrant, who was the Most Just and Religious King in the World: Pray Nurse fling some hot Embers on it, and make haste for *Mris Murther*, *Mris Rapine*, and my good neighbour *Mris Perjury*.

Nurse. Ime gone, here's the *Midwife*, *Mris London* come forsooth.

Mris London. Mris Rump how do you I pray?

Mris

Mrs. *Rump*. Oh Mrs. *London*, help me now or I die, never did *Rump* endure so much sorrow, with bitter pangs, sobs and sighs. Oh, oh I am ready to die, you need not have staid so long; there was no Gates, Portcullises or posts to hinder you, Oh I'me ready to depart.

Mrs. *London*. Go, and the Devil go with you, I came but to laugh at thy misery, thou hast had too much of my help already, which hath emboldned thee to play the *Strumpet*. Ile not assist thee or thy brat any more *Guild-hall* is too empty of Bodkins, Thimbles, Rings, and Boles to maintain thy whoredom, *Exit*.

As soon as she had made an end of speaking, in came rushing Mrs. *Nevill*, Mrs. *Scot*, Mrs. *Walton*, Mrs. *Martin*. Mrs. *Vane*, &c. who presently fell about her business: one held her hands, another her back, and a third her members, she being in this grievous agony (having no hopes to scape with life, desired Mrs. *Hasterig* to indite a bill to have her pray'd for) and that it be speedily sent by the Lord Mayor to the several Congregation within every their respective Parishes for her safe Deliverance; which most accurately she penned in form of a *Declaration*, in these words following.

The Declarations of *Mrs.* Rump, lying very weak, and in most grievous Pangs of Child-bearing; and cannot be Delivered.

Whatsoever dangers are threatned or feared, either by the great perplexity I am at this present in (or by reason of my manifold sins that now in my weakness lie heavy upon my Conscience,) yet I have assurance, that if I confess and forsake them (as I have no such intension) I shall find mercy.

Therefore I confess and acknowledge (but not from the bottom of my heart) that for the space of these 12 years I have been a most cruel murderer, not onely of Bodies, but of Souls: that I have perjur'd my self; First by my Oath of Alligiance, and secondly by my Solemn *Covenant*, wherein (as in *Hos.* 1. 9.) I have spoken words, swearing falsly in making a Covenant; springeth up against me) like Hemlock in the furrows of the field: That I have most Trayterously betrayed, and murdered my lawful King, the Anointed of the Lord, that I have made Gods House and the Kings house a *Den of Thieves*: that I have loved wickedness, and practised it; that no fear hath debarred me from doing any thing (*but Justice*) that I have robbed both God & the King, and have not feared the one nor honored the other: that I have used all manner of jugglings, Cousenage, contradictions and Equivocations, that my Religion hath been Railing, Blasphemy; Treason and Tautologies,

And

And that I have not onely covered but by the instigation of the Devil, and against the Lawes of our Soveraign Lord King *Charles*, forceably taken, stole and carried away the goods and Chattells of many thousands of his Majesties Loyal and obedient Subjects; that I have made this *Canaan* of all happiness, a *Golgotha*, and Field of Blood; and have yoaked my fellow Subjects to the Pride, Tyranny and Oppression of my own Lust and Ambition: instead of Reforming I have deformed, instead of repairing I have pulled down: Which hath occasioned all these miseries to fall upon me: My greatest grief of all being, that I know I have committed all this, and much more, but cannot Repent for the same; therefore the several Independants, Anabaptists, Seekers, Ranters Quakers, &c. within the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and the late Lines of Communications, are desired upon next *Good Friday* if I shall not be Delivered before, to keep a day of feined Humiliation, and Prating; that the heavy judgements that so inevitably threaten me, may be diverted: That so I may come in again to Rule, Reign, and Tyrranize over you, Rump everlasting, Impositions, Assessments and Taxations without end. Your Friend and putrified *Bum* of iniquity, Mrs. *Rump*.

While this was writing Mrs. *Rump* grew worse and worse, and the good Wives made account she had been drawing on: therefore Mrs. *London* stept to her and spake as followeth *viz.*

Mrs. *London*. Dear Daughter I perceive by thy pulses beating, and so much blood springing out of thy Conscience into thy Face, that thou art almost already as it were dead, and its a question whether the Child thou now art in labour with, may come to perfection or no? or live to receive its Christendom, and though I have upheld thee in all thy Actions, and safely brought thee from *Portsmouth* to *Westminster*; and succoured the *Fox* 12. years with Plate, Bodkins, Rings and Bowls, yet thy sins and abominations have been so great I cannot deliver thee so as to restore thee to thy former power, I advise thee therefore restore what is taken by thy cruel Paws from thy God, thy King, thy Neighbour, and repent of thy perjury.

Whilst thus she speak the Room was fill'd with smoak, over spread clear with darkness, the Candles went out, and terrible thundrings were heard, intermixt with wawling of Cats, howling of Doggs, and barking of Wolves, which struck a great terrour in all her Gossips: In the mean time Mrs. *Rump* brought forth an ugly deformed Monster without a head, goggle-ey'd, bloody hands, growing out on both sides of its devouring

T

vouring paunch, under the belly hung a great Bag, and the Feet were like the feet of a Bear; thoſe that will ſee this Brat may repair to the Plantation of *Fumigoſus* calld *Slavonia*, whither ſhe is gone to be Nurs'd by *Mris Sequeſtration*; who no ſooner is gone but in comes the *Secluded Goſſips*.

Enter Secluded Goſſips. What's here to do? Is no room left for us? if not, patience upon force muſt prove a medicine to purge this place from the uſurping power of a lawleſs *Rump*.

Goſſip Lenthal. You are all welcome, pray ſit down for I ſhould be unwilling to loſe the place of Speaking, by which my Coffers have been ſtuft with draining the purſes and heart-blood of other mens Eſtates.

Secl. Goſſips. Nurſe *Lenthal*, Read over ſome of the laſt Papers or manuſcripts of *Mrs Rump*.

Goſſip Lenth. Here is an Act againſt the whole Line of King *James* by which its neither murther nor Treaſon, to Kill Kings or murther the moſt Loyal Subjects. And here's another rare Vote, which I look upon to be very good in Law, for the increaſing my Coffers (hoping to be a ſharer therein) that is, *For ſequeſtring Sir* George Booth, *and all thoſe of the Royal party that aſſiſted him.*

Secl. Goſſips. Stay there a while, We diſown your Treaſons. Thoſe Acts we vote Null and Void. Wee'l clear the way, let the next go on where we have left, right will take place, the ſtinking *Rump* be in a rotten condition, and though it be ſuppoſed we fatte'd them,

VVee'l make them Lean, and all for ſorrow ſing
Themſelves to Hell, when England *hath a King.*

Enter Free Parl. What hideous *Monſter*'s this, that appears thus dy'd in Blood, without ſhape, head or Body?

Mris Rump. 'Tis I that wait for Pardon. Is no Indempnity for me? though I have dipt my hands in the Scarlet dy of *Majeſty*, I hope your mercy will exceed my cruelty.

Parl. I, as far as Law and Juſtice will extends; but I ſee little hope, therefore as thou haſt ſat long in pomp, ſo thou ſhalt lye in State upon a hurdle, and be drawn to thy Country houſe, where as much pains ſhall be taken for thee as *Judas* took for himſelf. *She trembles.*

Rump. Since ſo it is He to the City and dy a martyr.

Enter Prentices. Lay hands on her. *They ſeiz on her.*

All. Wee'l end this ſtink with ſpeed.

They

They fling her in the fire and write this Epitaph.

Here lyes she who was (in summe)
No Head or Body but all Hum,
Who did threat Nations to confusion bring.
She sold her God, and murthered her King.

Enter Prentices with staves, and Clubs carrying the Effigies of that old Tyrant O. Cromwell.

A Prentice. Lo here's the form of that Grand Traytor Nasb
Who gave a hundred pound a year to Hat
To vindicate (in bloody Scarlet paves,
Under the Notion of a *Good Old Cause.*
All the rest. We know it well, and did in sorrow sing
Whilst *Judas* like he murdered *Charles* our King.
But now we'l make the world our deeds admire,
With that they flung the Puppet in the fire,
Which made the very dust and ashes fly,
From th' earth as swift as lightning from the Sky.
And such a noysome Fog and darkness fell,
As if it had descended into Hell.
Where (with the Rumpish Brat) a curse it lyes,
As though the Devil had torn out the eyes
The which was all the pay due for its sins
Whose scorching Nose three Kingdoms set on fire.

EPILOGUE.

Rejoyce Great Britain now, for Kings there's none
Shall Govern thee, but Charles, and he alone
Will Peace and Plenty to this Nation bring,
Who is the Son of Charles thy martyr'd KING.
The Rump *of Traytors (that did force so high*
To spill the blood of sacred Majesty)
Are now defunct, Poor Wbore that's brought a Bed
Of a long Tayl, but neither brains or Head.

FAG, RUMP, BUM, STUMP.